DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"If"

By Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you an trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or being hated, don't give way to hating
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph or Disaster
And treat those two impostors jnst the same;
If you can bear to hear the words you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with wornout tools:
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and too,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss,
If you can force your heart and brain and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on;"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

The Man Who Won.

Graytown had been a quiet, sleepy little village until Foster Osmun had motored through one day, decided that it was a good place for a home, sought out the man who owned the particular piece of land which he wanted, and offered such a big price that the sale was quickly consummated. For months after that Graytown was a lively place, for men of all trades came from the city to aid in erecting the Osmun house. And when it was completed and the workmen had departed, Graytown drew a sigh of relief, for now, they decided, they could settle down into the everyday routine of their lives.

Then Foster Osmun and his wife moved into their new home and Graytown realized that they had a power in their midst. Mr. Osmun was keenly interested in the town, and the tumbledown schoolhouse resulted in a strenuous campaign that did not cease until, on the site of the old schoolhouse, there appeared a building that was a credit to the town. In an unceremonious manner he had walked one evening into a meeting of the official board of the church, stated that the church could stand a coat of paint and if they could raise one half of the cost he would pay the balance. Two months later the little church was transformed. So in one way and another the rather brusque man became an influence for good in the community; then when there seemed nothing else for him to use his influence in improving, he withdrew from Graytown society, and about all the village people saw of him was when he went for a walk or drive in the country.

And so the years had gone by and Graytown began to accept Foster Osmun as somewhat of a crank. They ceased to tender invitations which were never accepted. In the intimacy of the sewing circle the women decided that he was an autocrat, and pitied his poor little wife, who they decided was a slave to his will. Perhaps if they had glanced into the library window of the Osmun home at night, they might have changed their minds, for sometimes they would have seen Lucy Osmun engaged on a piece of embroidery while her husband read to her, and sometimes, if they had waited long enough and the evening was clear and starlit, they would have seen the man tenderly place a scarf about the shoulders of the little woman and lead her out into the garden, where they would stroll and talk. But as Graytown knew not of these evenings they drew their own conclusions and talked.

When the fall term of school had begun, a new schoolmaster just out of college had been installed. Frank Bennett had worked hard during his college years, for money had been scarce and all his leisure hours and many more had been spent in earning funds to put himself through college. The older boys at the Grayton school decided on the very first day that they had a teacher with whom they could have their way. They agreed among themselves that there would be very little study and a great deal of fun. When the first day was over the boys congratulated themselves upon their success. They had refused to answer the questions put to them, had talked across the room to each other, and when Mr. Bennett had remonstracted with them, they had laughed aloud. The next day they were prepared to carry on their campaign in a more insolent manner than before. They were somewhat chagrined when Mr. Bennett practically ignored them during that day. About an hour before school closed Frank Bennett dismissed the younger children, answering their goodbye's with a smile.

Ted Shanton, the leader of the older boys, called out, "Oh my, but isn't he the perfect lady, though!"

The schoolhouse door slammed, the door was locked, and the key slipped into the school-master's pocket. Then with flashing eyes and face whiter than ever, he faced the somewhat surprised boys, and in an even voice said, "Ted Shanton, you owe me an apology for that, but you can make it later. Just now I am going to have a talk with you boys and find out who is master here." Ted gave a loud laugh, and was joined rather half-heartedly by the others. He doubled up his arm and felt his muscle in a significant manner.

"Yes, Ted," Bennett went on, "you have the bodily strength, but you are rather lacking in brains. It has taken the intelligence and science of the leading men of our times and history to rightly direct the great forces of our country. How far up do you think you will rise just by brute strength?"

Ted yawned, rose from his seat and started for the door. "Come on, fellows," he called, "let's go home."

The schoolmaster blocked the way. "Not just yet, Ted," he said; "you fellows can go when I say so."

There was something in the man's face that halted Ted. He laughed a little nervously, "Fire away," he said, assuming a half-tolerant air.

"What I have to say is simply this," Frank Bennett stated quietly. "I am engaged to teach you fellows, and if you come to this school I am going to do it if I have to fight every one of you. I have no time to spend in arguing with you to secure your attention. You must give it to me or take the consequences. I am not making any threats. I am simply stating a fact. I am your teacher and I am going to stick to my job and accomplish results. If you enter this schoolhouse tomorrow, you do so with the understanding that you are coming here to learn. That's all."

Frank Bennett unlocked the door, threw it open, and the big boys passed out. When they were distance from the schoolhouse they held a council of war.

"Are we going to let that white-faced bookworm get the best of us?" Ted challenged.

"Oh, there's no use in carrying things too far, Ted," Ben Lane protested. Bennett means business, If I know anything; and my dad for one will not stand for interference with the teacher. Besides I really want to learn, for I'm going to College. Of course if we could get square with the teacher outside of school hours it would be another proposition."

"I have it," Ted shouted. "Suppose we give in on the school business, and then think up some scheme of getting even. My father is set on my earning enough to be able to run the farm some day, anyhow."

The next day Frank Bennett, expecting a revolt, was greatly surprised to find all the older boys seemingly ready and eager for serious work. He decided that he had better keep his eyes open, for things were almost too calm.

It was the teacher's custom every Monday night to go over to the next town and spend the evening with Dr. Brown, who had been an old friend of his father's. Frank had decided on the medical profesion and, as soon as he had saved enough money from his teaching, was going to continue his studies. Now the boys knew of this Monday evening visiting of Bennett's and as Hallowe'en approached they made their plans to "get even" with the teacher.

The night before Hallowe'en Frank started off briskly on his six-mile walk back to Graytown. He had heard some good news that night. Dr. Brown had told him that he had been successful in selling some land that had belonged to Frank's father. Frank had thought the land worthless and had only paid the taxes out of his small store of money, because urged to do so by Dr. Brown, while the returns on the sale were not large, still to Frank it brought the time just that much nearer when he could go on with his studies. He found himself whistling gaily, and when he approached the woods on the other side of which lay Graytown, he felt particularly lighthearted.

Suddenly a ghostly figure appeared in his path and in a tense voice said, "Your hour has come!" Frank remembered that Hallowe'en was on the morrow. He decided that somebody was celebrating a day earlier. With a laugh he made a dash for the white figure, and replied, "So has yours!"

There was a gasp of surprise, the ghost picked up his white draperies and fled. A little farther on Frank thought he could detect whispering voices, but he walked rapidly on. He did not walk far, however, for his foot caught in a string stretched across the path and as he struck the ground he heard a cry of, "Gentlemen, behold the downfall of the schoolmaster of Graytown!"

He recognized Ted Shanton's voice. Conscious of a throbbing pain in his ankle he arose to his feet and made a dash after the shadowy forms speeding down the path. Then again his foot caught and he went down. Grimly, he realized how they had made sure that if he didn't trip over the first string he would over the second. Peals of laughter reached his ears. He got to his feet but sat down again very quickly. He drew off his shoe and tried to bind his handkerchief very tightly about his ankle, wondering how long it would take him to cover the remaining two miles. Lights flashed down the path and a long low automobile came in view headed for Graytown. The machine stopped and a sharp voice called out, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing very much," Frank replied. "Some Halloween ghosts teaching town a little prematurely and I happened to be their victim."

Foster Osmun gazed into the young man's face as the lights of automobile dispelled the darkness. He stepped from the car, and without a word of invitation helped the younger man in.

"I board at Deans," Frank said as the machine started off down the road. "But you're not going there to-night, Foster Osmun replied in a tone of decision. "That ankle of yours need attention."

Not another word was spoken until the house was reached, and as Frank Bennett saw the front door open and the little gray-haired woman smiling on the threshold and saw the big man take her in his arms, he felt a sudden feeling of resentment against the people of Graytown. The first week of his arrival he had been told the story of the "autocrat" and his little wife, and although he only partially believed what the gossips said, his mind had been influenced.

"Why, it is the schoolmaster!" Mrs. Osmun exclaimed. "What a pleasure to see you here!"

"The boy needs your service, Lucy," Foster Osmun said abruptly. "Some of the young imps of this town have been out on a lark, and he's got a pretty bad ankle."

An hour latter Frank's ankle was tightly bound and he found himself drinking coffee and listening to Mrs. Osmun's plan that he come and stay with them during the remainder of his sojourn in Graytown. Then they talked of the school and of the change of doing things that would really mean something in the lives of the young folks.

"Perhaps," Frank Bennett suggested, "if I could get in touch with these big boys socially, it would be of great advantage to the school. I've tried to get the approval of a few people, but while they agree with some of my ideas, they don't think they can be carried out. For instance, I'd like to organize a baseball nine. But objection is that there is no field. Nobody seems willing to permit their land to be used for the purpose. A boy is a boy, and if you appeal to his love of good clean sport, and then give him the sport, you're going to make him more desirous to learn other things."

"Bennett," replied Mr. Osmun, "you've hit the nail on the head. Give the boys a chance to play baseball and football and they will learn their lessons more readily. For who of us in youth has not had visions of being captain of our college team. Organize your team at once, for opposite the house here is just the field to play baseball."

M. Osmun, you don't know what it means to me to feel that you are with me in my work," Frank said earnestly.

"Why I feel sure that with your help any one of our Graytown boys will become worthy of the honor of being captain of his team."

"And perhaps some day," Foster Osmun said quizzically, "they will let Dr. Bennett bind up the wounds of victory."—*Young People's Paper.*

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Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

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Clerc Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

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Haverhill—Trinity Church, First Sunday, at 3 P.M.
Salem—Federal Street Church, Second Sunday, at 2:15 P.M.
Lynn—St. Stephen's, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.
Everett—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.
Worcester—All Saint's, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.
Providence, R. I.,—Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.
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Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments.

MAY

3—Mansfield, 7:30 P.M.
4—Springfield, 7:30 P.M.
5—Columbus, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion. Newark, 7:30 P.M. Combed Service.
9—Youngstown, 7:30 P.M.
10—Marion, 7:30 P.M.
11—Muncie, 7:00 P.M.
12—Indianapolis, 10:45 A.M. Holy Communion and 3:00 P.M.
Terre Haute, 7:45 P.M.
13—Middletown, 7:30 P.M.
19—Cleveland, 10:45 A.M. Holy Communion and 3:00 P.M. Confirmation.
Akron, 7:30 P.M.
24—Canton, 7:30 P.M.
25—Detroit, 8:00 P.M. Memorial Celebration.
26—Detroit, 10:45 A.M. Holy Communion and 3:00 P.M.
Flint, 7:45 P.M.
27—Grand Rapids, 7:30 P.M.
28—Battle Creek, 7:30 P.M.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. H. O. Schwarzlose, 2504 Noble Ave., Alameda, Cal., is authorized to receive subscriptions, and news items relating to the deaf, from San Francisco and surrounding cities.

We, the undersigned, do hereby offer our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Norton, for arranging the delightful trip to Muir Woods last Sunday, April 6th.

(Signed) THE AMATEUR HIKERS.

We've done it every year, but it is always new and full of interest. A hike to Muir Woods! The words alone are enough to fill the youngsters with delightful anticipations. Leaving the Ferry Building at 8:45 we took the ferry to Sausilito. Why, even the trip across the bay is worth the price of the whole trip. We passed the Presidio, saw the Golden Gate, and were so near Alcatraz Island that we could plainly see the military prisoners exercising in the yard. Arriving at Sausilito we took the Third Rail Electric train for Mill Valley. The train ride too was delightful. Past acres and acres of growing things, herds of cattle, farm houses nestling in the shadows of the hills, and millionaires' mansions standing in silent grandeur as though frowning on their lowly neighbors.

When we got to Mill Valley there was no argument or mix-up of any kind. We just started out, with those who had been there before, and were sure of the trail, in the lead. As you may know, the first part of the trail (Dip Sea Trail) leads up a steep hill. The rain the night before had made it slippery and very muddy. The kind of mud that sticks to your shoes, the kind that you slip on, the kind your mother whips you for for tracking across her clean floors, but not the kind that politicians use on each other. Our little "Ever Ready" Hole said this part of the walk was more like a hesitation dance than a hike, because we went *one step forward and slid two back.*

We arrived at the top without any accidents, but were all tired on account of lugging ten pounds of mud per person from the bottom to the top of that 6 per cent grade. From there on the trail was fine. Hard and dry enough to sleep on, were we so minded. We went up and down and curved around and around until we lost all sense of direction. Some said we were going due East, some said West, while still others stood up for the South. Just as we were debating the question one of the girls slipped and nearly went over the edge of the trail. At this, N. E. Pike said. *He* thought we were going DOWN!

And, oh, those half-way houses where one could sit on rustic benches in the shadow of the giant trees, and eat ice cream or imbibe soft drink just off the ice! These trees, by the way, are of special note. They vary in height from 200 to 390 feet and were standing when Rome fell. The forest is of 300 acres, and was named after the famous naturalist, John Muir. It is a National Reserve and cared for by the U. S. Forestry Service.

Not any more were the 34 of us grouped together as we had left the station. We walked along in small groups or in twos and threes. The last ones were fully a mile behind the leaders. It is of interest to note that the small son of Mr. Norton was the first to arrive at our destination (Muir Inn). Here we ate our lunches, and pictures were taken by those who were fortunate enough to have brought a kodak along. After eating we spent the afternoon in games and tramps through the trees, taking pictures whenever the unruly sun peeped from behind a cloud. The place is a Western wonderland, the richest treasure-house of Nature.

Muir Inn is the terminal of the "crookedest railroad in the world." From Muir Woods to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais this line curves in a great "double bow-knot," which is plainly outlined against the side of the mountain. Why, here the track parallels itself five times in 300 feet and obtains an added elevation of 90 feet. Those in the first car of the train can almost reach out and shake hands with those in the rear car!! The average grade is 6 per cent and the steepest is 7. The longest piece of straight track is 413 feet and there are 281 curves. Some busybody, who delights in finding out strange things that no one cares a rap about, has found that if all the curves were placed together they would make 42 complete circles. The sharpest curve is 90 degrees and has a 70-foot radius.

The engine of this train is unique and of a special design. It is the only one like it in passenger service in the world. The cylinders turn a shaft geared to the driving wheels on their axles This shaft is furnished with universal joints, so that the many curves may be made. It is a very curious combination, the train. It squirms its way up 2600 feet, *tail first.*

Thus insuring perfect safety, unobstructed view and freedom from the thick black smoke from its oil-buring engine. The trip *up* is *fine*, but the trip *down* is *finer!* Think of a 2600 foot coast in a *gravity car.* It certainly is exhilarating sport and is the favorite of the San Franciscans and their neighbors about the bay. Those who stay over night at Tamalpais Tavern are rewarded with a California Sunset. (Enough said.) On a clear day one can see for many miles in any direction.

This view is the most superb in the world. On a foggy day the watcher on the summit seems to be on an island in the sky, as the top is above the mist. Wild flowers grow everywhere and the hikers gather them by the armfulls to take home. The California Poppy, the wild lilac (ceanothus) and the crimson toyon berry, are the most common and are found in every nook and crevice, on every hillside and under the spreading branches of their guardian trees.

Just to be mean and beat the ITEMIZER of the *California News* out of a perfectly good explanation, I will tell you how the mountain received its name. Romantic legends and equally romantic facts are woven about its origin. The local Indian tribe, the Tamals, called it "Pi-is" (Mountain). To the Spaniards it became Tamal-pais, "pais" meaning "land." Hence Tamalpais or Tamal land. A century has passed since the Tamals gave lively battle to the soldiers of new Spain, but the name will always remain to designate the Guardian of the Golden Gate

Another grand sight is the Mountain Theater. To the city people Tamalpais is what Fuji-yama is to the Japanese, an object of worship, though not from the oriental sense of reverence. It occupies in our hearts the place of an ever-ready comrade with which to spend a happy holiday. Beloved alike to hardy, hob-nailed hikers and high-brows, it is dedicated to the Sunday picnicker, the painter, the poet and the dramatist. An annual event that attracts thousands is the play staged in an open glade by the Mountain Play Association.

Will we go again? Why, what a question. You might as well ask if tomorrow will arrive after tonight has passed. We left early, so as to be able to take it easy on the trail going home. We landed in San Francisco at 6:20, and started in search of a restaurant, and depleted its stock of edibles sadly. Walking certainly does make one hungry. We hope to have a bigger crowd with us next time. This trip was arranged only a week before it happened. We extend an invitation to all you out-of-town deaf people to join us on our next trip to MUIR WOODS.

Floyd Hatcher, who has been a press feeder for the Schmidt Lithograph Co. for the past three years, has quit his position and changed his trade. He now works in Oakland at a wholesale factory.

We mentioned some time ago what a fine teacher of Gymnastics Mr. Hole would make for the California School. In talking it over with Hole he says he is quite willing to accept such a position were it offered him. Now, it only rests with the School authorities to wake up and get busy.

Lewis I. Peterson, of Redondo Beach, who was a student at the National College for the Deaf in Washington, visited the writer on his way home. Peterson had to leave College on account of weak eyes. He was one of the famous California Four. He is a member of the California Association of the Deaf and of the Washington Division of the N. F. S. D.

I don't know if I should feel insulted and be angry, or feel complimented and be happy. The other day one of the boys here said that in a few years I'd be as crazy as Meagher!! Jim may be crazy, but there is a method in his madness. Crazy like a fox, huh, Jimmy?

Because of lack of time rehearsing, Norton and Hole will have to take their comedy off the "Menu" at our entertainment on the 27th.

If there is any deaf girl, who would like a position, they can obtain one (or at least a chance at one) by communicating with the Secretary of the California Association of the Deaf. In conjunction with Mr. Milligan of the California School, there has been started a Labor Bureau as a part of the Association, and the duties of Chairman have fallen to the lot of the Secretary.

Excuse me, I must have been asleep. Will some one kindly tell me what ZENO said that has made our old friend SHAWYN stop writing his 'isms? Every time you lick a Thrift Stamp you help lick the Kaiser. Get busy with your lickings.

On March 30th, there was a wedding celebrated in Los Angeles that certainly was a great surprise to the local deaf. Mr. Charles Jean Pale, San Francisco, was married to Miss Lillian Jane Shea, of Los Angeles, at four o'clock that Saturday afternoon. The wedding was very quiet and was celebrated privately. A dinner was given the bride and groom by the bride's sister. Pale has worked for some time as a Union compositor for Wale Printing Co., in San Francisco. He had to give up that trade because of weak eyes, and is now doing piece work for the John Bollman Cigarette Co. We congratulate the couple and wish them happiness. Good Luck, Charley!

John Connelly went to work for the Ford Auto Co. last Monday. He has been put in the Painting Department.

H. O. SCHWARZLOSE.

Water Porters of Quito.

About a fountain in one of the principal squares of Quito, the capital of Ecuador, assemble every morning the city's aguadores. These water porters differ from the less energetic ones of some South American cities in carrying their jars upon their backs, instead of on the backs of mules. Their earthern jars are deep, have a wide mouth and hold about forty pints.

The porter carries it on his shoulder fastened with leather straps. He never detaches himself from his jar either to fill or to transfer its contents to that of his customer.

He turns his back to the fountain so that the jar comes under one of the jets of water and listens to the sound of the water in the jar, and his ear is so well trained that he always walks away at the exact moment when it is filled to the brim.

Arriving at the house of a customer, he goes to the household jar, makes a deep bow and disappears behind a torrent of water. Foreigners can never receive without laughing the visit of their aguador, the respectful little man who bows to one behind the cataract of water.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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Prayer Meeting, first Wednesday of each month.
Everybody Welcome.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

FANWOOD.

Everywhere, in their campaign for the success ot the third Liberty Loan, the band boys have been greeted with record-breaking applause. Monday night, taking autobus, they rendered patriotic selections at the 35th and 39th Precinct Headquarters of the Liberty Loan. Crowds were attracted everywhere and followed the band in its march. On the stage of Loew's 86th Street Theatre, and also behind the footlights of the Orpheum opposite, the company of thirty pieces played before packed audiences. More than five thousand was estimated collected in the tolal sales in the Orpheum, not mentioning elsewhere.

Again Wednesday afternoon the same participated in the Children's Loan Parade. In line with many other school organizations, bands and companies of sailors, soldiers; "Over There," "Good-bye Broadway," "American Soldier," and a number of spirit-stirring marches were aired with brisk step, by both band and the fife and drum corps. Our gray blue in line of march, from 25th Street to 58th on 8th Avenue, were conspicuously in the lead. Band Master Edwards is very proud of the push his boys have made—and so are we all!

A gas mask, like the masks that have been sent to General Pershing's army, was displayed to the boys Saturday morning, in a lecture given by a friend and companion of Miss Ida Bucher here. It is of the box type respirator, fifty thousand of which were made by the American Can Company factories of Brooklyn and New York and shipped to the army. The mask was described in detail, and afterward several of the Cadet Officers put it on and were given the opportunity of examining it and its parts. All the boys and audience present express their appreciation of the generous interest given in their behalf.

Miss Elizabeth Peet, instructor of Latin in Gallaudet College, and Mrs. Raeker, of California, were both guests of Principal and Mrs. Gardner Sunday afternoon.

Visitors at the gym last week were Miss Perkins, girls' physical education instructor at the Mt. Airy School in Philadelphia. Also Mr. Heinz, formerly of the same school, but instructor of boys' gymnastics. Friday Mr. Bauman, of Newark, N. J., an expert, demonstrated to the senior class. His remarkable physical training inspired the class.

BASE-BALL.

Through Esmond, the Principal's son, arrangements were made to enable the nine to cross bats with the Barnard Juinors, Saturday afternoon. Manager Little of the opposing team brought his men over on scheduled time, and included in their line-up Esmond. Esmond is a student at Barnard, and was called upon to support his colors.

Fanwood, clad in her irons, rushed from head quarters, an in evitable dragon, and at the call for play immediately began to devour her enemy. It was quite a treat to see the spontaneous way the gold and blue exponents handled the bat. It was delicious for all concerned to see the sphere skyward, and the nine troop the circumference of the diamond. The Barnard aggregation was completely buried under the onslaughts of Captain Altenderfer's boys, resulting in 18 to 5. Score:—

BARNARD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Miner 1b.	4	1	1	6	1	0
Hubbell r.f.	5	1	0	1	1	0
Ducker 2b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Farrell p.	2	2	0	0	2	1
Reeves c.	4	0	0	8	2	0
Gardner s.s.	4	0	1	3	2	3
Little l.f.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Kerr 3b.	3	0	0	1	0	2
Snyder c.f.	4	1	0	0	0	1
TOTAL	33	5	2	24	10	7

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bellin c.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Whalen c.f.	2	0	2	0	0	0
McVernon 1b.	6	2	3	10	1	1
Czech s.s., 3b.	6	2	3	1	2	2
St. Clair c.	4	2	2	10	5	0
Altendorfer 3b.	4	3	2	2	0	3
Gabrielson s.s.	1	0	0	0	1	2
Weisenstein r.f.	5	3	2	0	0	0
Neger l. f.	5	2	2	1	0	0
Newman 2b.	5	1	2	2	2	1
Uhl p.	5	3	3	0	3	1
TOTAL	47	18	21	27	14	9

Summaries—Two Base Hits—St. Clair, Neger, Uhl. Three Base Hits—Altenderfer. Stolen Bases—McVernon, 3; St. Clair, Altendefer, Newman, Neger, 2; weisenstein, 2; Miner, Hubbell, Kerr, Snyder, Farrell, 3. Earned Runs—Off Barnard, 1; off Fanwood, 14. Left on Bases—Off Fanwood, 6; off Barnard, 6. Base on Balls—Off, Uhl, 4; off Farrell, 1. Struck Outs—by Uhl, 8; by Farrell, 7. Hit by Pitcher—Off Uhl (Kerr). Double Plays—Hubbell to Ducker. Umpires—Major Van Tassell and Cadet Musician Bellin. Scorer—Two hours and five minutes.

Cadet George St. Clair has been elected captain of this year's team, and promises greater things. The real weakness of the team is the lack of practice with glove and a sharp sense of unity.

Principal Gardner showed his interest and kindness Wednesday afternoon, when he invited the girls of Adrastian Society to attend Annual Benefit of the New York League for the Hard of Hearing at the Standard Theatre. Miss Burchard chaperoned the twelve and was a very generous and lovable matron. The program consisted of two films and a set of classic dances, rendering the affair in everyway most entertaining.

Acting in accord to the order of the Board of Education, Arbor Day was observed with chapel exercises. Principal Gardner addressed the gathering, which assembled Friday afternoon from three to dismissal. Dr. Fox and several of the professors spoke in turn, following the Principal's remarks anent tree planting. The band entertained. The colors were impressively presented with the National anthem. How many of us realize the silent yet faithful support our trees are giving us in these days of emergency? How as true patriots, they sacrifice themselves that we may have timber for our manifold use. How food, gum and medicinal herbs are given by the trees we ignorantly abuse? The event concluded with a rallying spirit to get behind the trees and protect them.

News comes that gives a pang of sadness, yet at the same time we feel the fiery sensation of the spirit of Democracy and are proud, yea, happy, to learn that Private E. G. Margraf, formerly assistant steward and boys' athletic manager, will sail for the training camps in Europe very soon. He will complete training there and be ready for the front line trenches, where we count on him as a "winning ace." Leaving Camp Upton, where he has been taking a two-mouth course in bayoneting the dummy, dubbed "Kaiser Bill," he takes with him the fond affection of his many friends here, who wish him always the best of luck. May we see him back soon and covered with glory.

"The Life of Woodrow Wilson," was sketched Saturday night by Mr. Smith, at the gathering of the F. L. A. The lecture, delivered in slow, clear signs, described the phases and characteristics of our great President's life, from childhood to the present.

Prof. Bjorlee spoke on America and her Flag, in delivering his afternoon sermon. His text was from the 39th Chapter of the Book of Psalms. He endeavored to set forth clearly the greatness of our nation to-day, and how our flag, by American principles, has led us to an onward victory.

Sunday evening the Professor entertained the older boys and girls with a topic so thoroughly absorbing that great reluctance was expressed upon adjourning. In graphic sign and finger-movement, we were led to see the two relationships of history and geography. The history of a race depends on the physical conditions of its country. Its environment, for example, is everything. A nation develops its habits from its climate, surroundings and soil. Thus we see the history of the world and why it was so. No better subject has been discussed this year, entitling the pupils to the freedom of open question, as well as setting before them a study of physiological development.

Cadet Joseph Spellman is proud, and we all join him in lauding his dear mother, who, we are told, is an active worker in the sales of Liberty Bonds. She holds a special position with the government. There are and will be many sad sights in the hospitals and like institutions in many parts of the European and American countries. A letter to this effect, picturing the intense suffering of heroes in the Canadian hospitals comes from Toronto, Canada, where Cadet Edwin Thetford at present has relatives.

The Fifth Avenue Liberty Day Parade was witnessed by a number of the older pupils out on leave. Among distinguished persons seen was Gov. Whitman.

Most of us would like to fly; accept the invitation if extended by a brother in the Aviation Corps. Cadet Musician Leon Wincig has the brother down in Texas and awaits the invitation.

That Boy Scouts are distinctly related to most of us, is proven by Cadet Corporal Emil Mulfeldt, who has a Scout brother.

We do not like to be startled from a pleasant reverie as little Cadet Jacob Gleicher will tell you. Only this week, in mental absorption of the confronting problems of life, he was handed a paper and reading General Pershing's Report of casualties he found the name of his brother, but happily under the caption, "Slightly Wounded." Ever since we have been trying to explain to him the meaning of "Rest, Billets, and Blighty." Before departure his brother had been a visitor here several times in uniform.

Cadet Joseph Krassner, a past-master of the knitting needle, has sent to France, through the kindness of the Institution, a pair of wool wristlets which he made for his brother.

Ever see Cadet Captain Pois sit around and knit? He has them all beat for unique displacement and originality.

There is a story some of us older boys have been laughing over. As told by a smart one, we see an American Colonel encounter a Negro stevedore and ask how he had reached France. In these words the Negro replies: Co'nel, dey tuk me to a place on de ocean in America. Git in dat warehouse, dey says. I git. Den I lay down and tuk a snooze. When I woke up dere was watah all roun' dat warehouse. When I come down on dry lan' agen, Co'nel, I kneel down an' kiss it. Declare I ain't neva goin' back till dey builds a bridge over dat watah."

DR. BELL'S STORY OF THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone is the product of three generations of effort in our family to extend the domain of human speech. First, in the early days of the Nineteenth century, in Scotland, my grandfather, Alexander Bell, began with an invention for removing impediments of speech. His life was concentrated upon the study of the natural organs of language and the means of improving them. To make the deaf hear, or at least to furnish them with some equivalent for hearing, was one of his dreams.

Then my father, Alexander Melville Bell, born in 1819, took the next step, which was straight in line with my grandfather's but more advanced.

He became connected with the University of Edinburgh and the London University, and later was a lecturer on the principles of speech and elocution at Queen's College of Kingston, Canada, not only improving his father's system, but fulfilling the older man's lifelong dream by inventing "visible speech," a method of teaching deaf-mutes to speak.

My grandfather and father accomplished this with profound study and handed to me this mission of extending the audibility of the human voice to a distance.

This step would not have been taken without the foundation laid by those before me. For the invention of the telephone was no happy accident or inspiration, but the result of studies based upon the labors of my predecessors.

From earliest childhood all the phenomena of speech and hearing were made as familiar to me as my daily bread.

When my brother and I were 14 and 15 years old, respectively, my father offered us a prize if we would produce the figure of a man which would be an automatic talker.

My brother agreed to make the lungs, larynx and vocal cords. To me fell the task of contriving the head, roof of the mouth, tongue, gums, teeth and lips.

We studied everything showing the anatomy of the speaking part of the human being. The vocal chords were two rubber strings. The roof of the mouth, tongue, and lips were cotton batting with gutta percha and rubber. A pair of bellows inserted in the black of the automaton operated the whole thing, and when my brother worked the bellows I opened and closed the lips by hand the automaton cried, "Mam mam Mam-mam!" like a baby.

We lived in one of those Edinburgh houses divided into sections like modern apartment houses and took the automaton into the common stair where we worked the bellows and the lips.

To our unbounded delight a woman on the place above cried out, "What's the matter with the baby?"

From that time on I devoted myself to the science of sound and the complexities of speech. Like my father, I studied at the Edinburgh and London Universities.

In 1870 my father's health failed and the family removed to Canada, settling on a farm. Three years later I became Professor of Vocal Physiology in Boston University.

At the time I was trying to perfect an apparatus intended to make language sounds visible to deaf and dumb persons.

I had a new-born conviction, a conviction forced on me by some unexpected results in my experiments, that articulate speech could be conveyed electrically. The final result was "vocal telegraphy," and on February 14, 1876, the Patent Office in Washington issued to me a patent which described the telephone as "an improvement in the art of telegraphy."—*By A. Graham Bell.*

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

SPRING, 1918.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 3 P.M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 3 P.M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Bristol—Trinity Church, fourth Sundays, at 3 P.M.
Pittsfield, Mass.—St. Stephen's Church, first Sunday of month, at 3 P.M.
Springfield, Mass.—Christ Church, first Sundays, at 3 P.M.

Services will be conducted by the Lay-readers: Messrs. Wm. F. Durian, Senior lay reader, and E. C. Luther and Walter G. Durian.

Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Week day social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.
Other services and meetings by special appointment.
The deaf cordially invited.
Minister's address: 2906 Virginia Avenue

MARYLAND

The great Over There Cantonment was thrown open to the public last week at the Fifth Regiment Armory, which attracted a number of mutes. The huge statue of Liberty that stood about 65 feet high was the first thing to catch the eye of the spectator, when entering. On the right, the abandoned battle field scarred with shell holes, broken trees, guns and shattered cannon, the background of which portrayed the devastated farms, homes left in the wake of a conflict presented the most sorrowful sight imaginable and brings home a full realization of the Titanic struggle. Some of us went to Pimlico to watch the tank "Britannia," which gave a vivid demonstration of the work of these huge pieces of fighting machinery. It ploughed through trenches and also demolished a farm house (built up for that purpose) and surmounted various other formidable obstacles.

A number of pupils from Maryland School for the Deaf were permitted to come to see the race, show, and also the parade by 2000 soldiers from Camp Meade.

Mrs. Fannie McCall sister of Mrs. Geo. M. Leitner, who lives near the reviewing stand invited a few of her friends at her house, where they could have a good view of President Wilson and parade. Those who were there were Misses E. Daley, A. Daley, Olive and Mabel Whildin, Miss Helen B. Leitner, Roy Kaufman, Miss Fee and her mother, Mr. and Mrs G. Leitner and others.

A clear sky and real touch of summer weather made Easter a joyful day. There were religious exercises at Grace P. E. Church, Christ M. E. Church and First Baptist Church. They were tastefully decorated with palms, ferns and cut flowers. All were well attended. In the evening Mr. Wroth Hetzler, of Gallaudet College, was confirmed with a number of hearing boys and girls at Church of the Advent, a branch of Grace P. E. Church by Bishop Murray. Three weeks ago, Miss A. Daley, Mrs Mary Ving and Mr. Mills were confirmed at Grace P. E Church.

Mr. J. F. Donnelly, of New York, was in this city to suggest a settlement of important matters with local members of the Knights of De l'Epee Society for the Catholic deaf which will have a coming convention in this city next summer. They will meet at Loyola College. Elaborate preparations are already under way by P. Krastel and his assistants. They hope that every out-of-town visitor will have a pleasant time. An excursion to Chesapeake Beach was already booked.

Mr. Platsky reports business at his shoe shop as brisk, almost too brisk, which speaks well for the satisfaction his work is giving. He employs Mr. Branflick to do pegging when he finds it necessary.

Remember the Frats will give a reception to the deaf-mutes especially to non members on April 20th. Ladies are welcome if the non-members want to escort them. Indications in letters to their friends here from almost all parts of Maryland are to the effect that they are planning to save money for the big Philadelphia convention next summer. Looks like a record going.

Mr. Fred Moore, post graduate of Gallaudet College, gave a reading of three stories written by Edgar Allan Poe under the auspices of the Maryland Picnic at Grace P. E. Church. The attendance was large and the delivery which lasted an hour and half, was well enjoyed.

Frank A. Boyce, of Pittsburg, is holding a good job at St. Helena, although he wants to get something better to ease up on the H. C. L. of these days. He expects to apply at Bethlehem Steel Co., and hopes he will succeed. He was at the Silent Athletic meeting picking up acquaintances.

Mr. Orland Pierce has been battling with a heavy cold or baseball fever, but is reported fairly well at this writing.

Mr. Ray Kaufman recently bought a house for Alberta (I meant his sister) to live in. They will move to Ilchester Avenue soon.

In absence of Rev. O. J. Whildin, who was at Frederick conducting the divine service, Mr. Andrew Leitch took his place at Grace P. E. Chapel.

Julius Schulze is working for Thompson Lunch room, which is a favorite place for the mutes to patronize.

Messrs. Mebane and Pope, taking advantage of the continued bad weather, went home in North Carolina to see their wives and children. The former has decided to live in Baltimore and he will bring his family here before long.

April 14, 1918. G. M. L.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, *Missionary-in-charge.*
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, *Parish Visitor.*

SERVICES:

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 3.00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 3:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.

ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary.*
2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

Rev H. K. Allabough's Appointments.

APRIL

21.—Detroit, 10:45 A.M. Holy Communion and 3 P.M. Ypsilanti, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.
26.—Finley, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.
27.—Lima, 7:45 P.M. Lecture.
28.—Lima, 10:30 A.M. Confirmation; 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion; 3:00 P.M. Kenton, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.

SECOND ANNUAL

PLAY

OF THE

V. B. G. A. A.

"The Merry-Go-Round"

ON THE EVENING OF

Wednesday, May 29, 1918

AT 8:30 P.M. Sharp.

AT THE

Guild Room of St. Ann's

511 West 148 St.

Admission - - 25 Cents

Annual Ball and Entertainment

of the

SISTERHOOD OF SOCIETY WELFARE FOR THE JEWISH DEAF IN BENEFIT OF JEWISH DEAF

Saturday Evening, April 27, 1918

AT 8 P.M.

WESTMINSTER HALL

Lenox Ave. Bet. 113 and 114 St.

Admission - - - - 50 cents
(Including Wardrobe)

Miss Selma Frankenthaler, Chairman,
40 W. 115 Street, City.

LECTURE

BY

Rev. John H. Keiser.

The part played by the Navy in the Great War. Battles with U-Boats. Thrilling Tales of Survivors.

Saturday Evening, June 8th.

AT 8:30 P.M.

COMBINED WITH

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

UNDER AUPPICES

Guild of Silent Workers

Admission - - 25 cents

Space reserved for

BASKET-BALL & DANCE

under the

Auspices of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

for the

CHAMPIONSHIP N. Y. D. M.

February 22, 1919

[Particulars Later]

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Greater New York Division, No. 23 N. F. S. D. meets at Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, MAX M. LUBIN, Secretary, 1593 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; or JOHN D. SHEA, State (Eastern New York) Organizer, 78 W. 99th St., New York

SAVE MONEY

INVEST IN THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

AN URGENT WAR DUTY

We are prepared to accept subscriptions to the third loan, either in full payment or on the following Government installment plan

5%	down any time before	May 4
20%	on or before	May 28
35%	" "	July 18
40%	" "	August 15

INTEREST PAYABLE

September 15 March 15

The Government will redeem 5% of the total issue each year until maturity due in 1928.

The time has come for each one of us to take part. It is not a question of just furnishing money. It is a question of backing the Government with the clear declaration that we will give everything needed to rid the world forever of the German menace—oppression of Democracy and elimination of Liberty.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM.

REPRESENTING

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

W. S. S.

I will accept Liberty Loan coupons due May 15th, and June 15th, in exchange for War-Savings or Thrift Stamps, which I am also selling in behalf of the Treasury Department. Please take the stamps instead of cash, and you would thus help strengthen the hands of our Government.

You can send the coupons by mail to me and I will send War-Savings or Thrift Stamps, according to amount.

Send your coupons TO-DAY.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM, *Government Agent.*
18 WEST 107TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

MAY PARTY

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE, Inc.

143 West 125th St.

ON

Saturday Evening, May 25, 1918

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

A handsome prize will be awarded to the Miss who gets the most votes. She will be crowned the May Queen.

ADMISSION, 15 CENTS

Cut out this coupon and mail to the Entertainment Committee of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League:

I vote for MISS to be crowned Queen of May

Committee—Wm. Krieger (Chairman), A. Hymes, A. Eisenberg.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

"Golden Gulch."

A Western Drama in Three Acts.

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 WEST 148 STREET

Saturday Evening, May 18

Curtain rises at 8:30 P.M.

Admission - - 25 cts. Reserved Seats - - 35 cts.

Hartford, 1917

The glorious convention immortalized (photographically) by Alex L. Pach. *Every group an artistic success.*

Great Panorama, N. A. D. July 4th,	$1.00
" " Teachers July 2d,	1.00
Superintendents and Principals, Ephphatha at the Cathedral, Picnic at Lake Compomoc	
All furnished Unmounted at . .	$1.00
Mounted Platinum	1.25
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New York Frats Banquet to the French and Other Delegates	
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All photographs by mail prepaid.

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111 Broadway, N. Y.

TO YOU!

The most anxious Agent will not insure your house if it smells of smoke and none insure the lives of sick men or women.

We are open only for those who are well enough and smart enough to get there in time. The time to prepare is NOW while it is possible to make the preparation.

The New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Boston, Mass., is the oldest Co. in America, with assets of over seventy million dollars. It offers the BEST policy contract ever issued to the deaf, at same low rates as to hearing persons.

Write me for full information which will open your eyes and perhaps give you an entirely new view of Life Insurance. I feel sure that you will not only be interested, but also thank me in years to come. Medical examination free.

MARCUS L. KENNER

Special Agent

200 WEST 111TH STREET

New York City

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

A Complimentary Dinner was tendered to Mr. Sylvester J. Fogarty, on Saturday evening, April 27th, at Guffanti's famous restaurant at Seventh Avenue and 26th Street.

It was in the nature of a surprise, and when Mr. Fogarty came in with Alex. L. Pach and saw a big table at which were seated many of his friends, who rose to greet him, he was really the picture of astonishment.

Messrs. McMann, Shea and Hodgson, were the committee that got up the affair, so to Mr. Hodgson fell the office of toastmaster, to Mr. McMann the presentation speech, and to Mr. Shea the presentation of a handsome conbination cane and umbrella, of the finest wood and a massive silver ferrule.

Everybody made speeches, and it was nearly midnight when dispersal for home occurred.

Those present, besides Mr. Fogarty, were: Messrs. John D. Shea, Charles L. McMann, Samuel Frankenheim, Alex L. Pach, Henry C. Kohlman, H. P. Kane, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, John F. Obrien, William Lipgens, Jerry Fives, Andrew Mattes, Joseph Mattes, Joseph Knopp, Edward Lefi, Keith W. Morris, Edwin A. Hodgson, J. F. Constantin.

Thursday evening, April 25th, was an event to the active and honorary members of the V. B. G. A. A. They were invited by Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet to see Griffith's masterpiece of forceful truth, "Hearts of the World," that night.

Unattended by any troublesome males, they occupied two rows of seats at the theatre, and laughed and cried as the pictures carried them along, and at the completion a very dangerous bunch of women went home—dangerous for the Kaiser and his devils to meet at that time!

Including Miss Barrager (who on account of her popularity was asked along) there were twenty in this party.

Honorary members:—Miss Gallaudet, Mrs. Keiser, Miss Judge, Miss Miller, Mrs. McCluskey, Mrs. Aufort.

Active members:—Misses Mabel Hall, Wanda Makowski, Elizabeth Maclaire, Anna Klaus, Emma Donus, Mrs. Carl Donus, Amelia Stenz, Mary Muir, May Ruhl, Elsie Grossman, Caroline Krauss, Margaret and Eleanor Sherman.

On the night of April 27th, in a certain section somewhere in Bay Ridge, several people could have been seen sneaking into a two-family house—being admitted after sundry mysterious ringing of the bell and ushered into a darkened and apparently crowded parlor. The occasion was a surprise party given in honor of Miss Agnes Toner, which unlike most other parties was a complete surprise to her.

An old fashioned supper was served the guests by some of Miss Toner's hearing friends, and when they had eaten their fill various games were indulged in until it was time for the milkman to make his rounds.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Westlake, Mr. and Mrs. L. Ahmes, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Haff, Misses A. Collins, R. Donovan, M. Quinn, F. Julian, A. Toner, Messrs. W. Staak, M. Leo, C. Cleary, Mrs. Toner and several of Miss Toner's hearing friends.

The Right Reverend Charles Summer Burch, D. D, LL. D., came to St. Ann's Church last Sunday, and confirmed a class of nineteen condidates presented by the Vicar, the Rev. John Chamberlain, D. D. The Church was crowded with an interested congregation, including many relatives and friends of the candidates. Besides the Bishop and Vicar, there were present in the chancel, the Rev. Arthur H. Judge, Rector, and his Curate, the Rev. Albert J. N. Wilson, and Rev. Mr. Keiser, the Curate of St. Ann's. The candidates presented for the Apostolic rite of confirmation were: Thursia LaMour, Elsie Blanche Schwing, Alice Georgina Carroll, Amelia Elizabeth Bahr, Florence Esther Donahue, Edna May Purdy, Esther Florence Pelcher, Evelyn Elizabeth Dixon, Katharine Grace Shafer, Alice Gertrude Field, Mrs. Charles A. Bothner, Ethel Muriel Brenniesen, May Turner, Robert John Fitting, Lester LeRoy Cahill, Walter St. Clair, Louis Radlein, Merritt Klopsch, Edward W. Dennis.

The annual entertainment and ball of the S. W. J. D. Sisterhood which took place on Saturday evening, April 27th, attracted a large crowd, of whom several came from as far away as Philadelphia. The feature of the affair was the dancing of Ruth Galland, pupil of the celebrated Helen Moller. Though but twelve years of age, she displayed remarkable maturity in her interpretation of the music, particularly in her performance of *Asa's Death* (Creig) and *Liebesfreud* (Kreisler). The dancing of Miss Lena Stoloff and her partner, Mr. Henry Hecht, was also highly entertaining. Great praise for the excellent arrangements is due to the Committee in charge, consisting of Miss Selma Frankenthaler, Chairman; Mr. Henry Hecht, Floor Manager, and to his assistants the Misses Sadie Marens, Lena Stoloff, and Sarah Pusrin.

Joseph E. Solomon, nephew of Miss Katie Ehrlich, has been inducted into the Medical Corps of the United States Army. He is at present at the Army Medical School for a course of instruction of six weeks, from where he expects to go on active duties overseas. He is the only son of Mrs. Annie Solomon, sister of Katie. He has been teaching school for two years. Katie Ehrlich also has a brother, William, who is in charge of the U. S. Filtration Plant at Washington, D. C.

On April 27th a birthday celebration was given in honor of Mr. G. Walther. The party was attended by Mr. Walther's friends from the Lutheran Church for the Deaf. Among those present were: Miss Christgau, Mr. E. Berg, Miss Krueger, Mr. Brooks, Miss Shipley, Mr. Downs, Miss Ruge, Mr. A. Berg, Mr. Prims, Miss Westernhagen, also a few others.

A pretty little wedding occurred at St. Ann's Church on Saturday afternoon, April 6th. Barbara Spoehrer and Carl Donus were united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony by the Rev. John H. Keiser. The young people are cosily domiciled in Jersey City where the groom has a responsible position with a large silk-weaving concern.

Thursday evening of last week was the opening of the indoor baseball games held at the Boys Club after a successful winter of basketballing. Sides were picked: Blues; Garrison, Fleischer, Willets and Snook. Reds: Kerner, Morganstein, Tingberg and Krishinsky. The blues were victorious—8 to 0.

The Alphabets Club will have three men in the Evening Mail's Marathon race. The latest to join the Club are: Gonner Tingberg, Widar Christiansen, William L Garrison, George Walther and Chas. G. Golden, of Oyster Bay, L. I.

Robert Annette, a graduate of Fanwood about twenty years ago, died at his home in Harlem, Wednesday, April 24th, after several months' illness. Rev. Mr. Keiser officiated at the funeral, Friday evening. The pallbearers were T. Hamilton, L. Heuser, C. Gaunt, H. Holmes, J. Toohey and J. Sunderhoff.

Miss Helen Meinken, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. W. Meinken, will be leading lady in the play "Three Wise Men," which opens at the New National Theatre, Washington, on Monday, May 6th.

On Sunday afternoon, May 4th, Mr. Louis A. Cohen will give his second lecture, on "Thrift," at the Communal Center, 40 West 115th Street. All are welcome. Admission free.

Mr. Leopold J. Guglielmelli, of New York, went to Easton, Pa., for oven Sunday, April 28th, to visit with his sister and some hearing friends.

By an oversight, the name of Emil Basch was omitted from the list of guests at the Kohlman dinner, at the Hotel Majestic, on April 15th.

Miss Ida L. Frank will stay with her sister at 17 Fairmont Avenue, Newark, N. J., from May 25th to September 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Kamnit (formerly Miss Emma Gross) became parents of a baby boy on the 23d of April.

The betrothal of Miss Rebecca Cohen to Mr. Sol. Buttenheim, on Wednesday, April 17th, is announced.

Born.

Mr. and Mrs. Murrary Campbell (*nee* Agnes Jean Cox, of California) announce the birth of a son, John Hamilton Cuthell Campbell, on Wednesday, April 17th, 1918.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Week day social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.
Other services and meetings by special appointment.
The deaf cordially invited.
Minister's address: 2606 Virginia Avenue

It is said that the largest flower in the world grows on the island of Mindanao, far up the Parag Mountain, 3,509 feet above the level of the sea. The natives call it Bolo. Its full blown blossom is considerably more than three feet in diameter and weighs 22 pounds.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

April 27, 1918.—Mr. William H. Zorn feels proud over the record his nephew and namesake, Wm. Zorn, of North Baltimore, Ohio, has made "over there." He enlisted in a Canadian regiment and was in the first Somme battle. He is one of the two hundred fifty survivors of the regiment that came out of the battle. As a souvenir of the battle he can show a dum-dum bullet fired at him by a Boche-sniper and the nose cap of an aerial torpedo. In the battle of Vimy Ridge, Zorn was wounded by a German shell explosion. He was buried by the upheaval and when rescued was found to be unfit for further service. He has come back home, and though far away from the bloody struggle is still fighting to down the Huns by whooping up the sale of Liberty Bonds up in Toledo and other places.

Columbus has a McGuffey's Reader Club, made up of people who used the McGuffey Readers while at school, forty or fifty years ago. The members held their second meeting at the School for Deaf, Wednesday evening, and listened to selections from the famous old readers, and tributes to the author. Next the members were entertained by the rendering in pantomime of "America," and "Nearer My God to Thee," by two of the pupils, Miss Gladys Samson and Miss Florence Nesbitt. The members were then regaled with ice cream, spiced cake and coffee, after which they voted to accept a second time the invitation of Superintendent Jones to be his guests, which will be Wednesday evening, May 21st.

In honor of Liberty Loan Day, yesterday, Mr. Creamer, President of the Board of Administration, with a friend and Mrs. Dreyer, of this city, had seats upon the stage at chapel service. They witnessed the cadets of the school in uniform march into chapel, which was a special feature of the occasion.

After devotional exercises, Mr. Creamer and Mrs. Dreyer spoke. Each praised the marching and appearance of the young soldiers and the importance of helping the men fighting for Democracy, by the purchase of Liberty Bonds and the saving of food. Mrs. Dreyer, at the conclusion of her address, stated she would receive subscriptions from any of the school people who desired to subscribe. Whereupon Mr. Creamer and his friend each subscribed for $100 additional to what they had already given. Superintendent Jones, speaking for the school and those connected with it, said its aid record so far was laudable. Responses were made to the 1st and 2d war bonds, War Chest Fund, Red Cross Work, both among officers, teachers and pupils. Of the 3d call for bonds the record was not made up yet, so he could not give figures, but he felt certain it would be creditable. He announced that school work for the day would close at 12 o'clock, to give all an opportunity to witness the Liberty Day Celebrations up street and the raising of an honor flag. To-day the Boy Scouts Division of the School assisted in canvassing the city in having people subscribe for the 3d Liberty Bond Loan. At the last meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, after hearing the treasurer's report, which showed receipts for cost month $9.25 and expenditures $9.98, it was voted to purchase a rug, 9 by 12, for Mrs. McGregor's room and for the kitchen an oatmeal cooker. Miss Bessie Edgar, chairman, Mrs. Wm. Friend, Mrs. L. Frater, Mrs. August Beckert and Miss Schwertman, were announced by the president as the Hallowe'en Committee, while Mr. Zell and Miss Cloa Lamson were named as mask advisors for the Social. The next meeting will be held the third Thursday in May and it will be the last till fall.

Mr. William H. Zorn entertained the members of Clionian Society last Saturday evening, with his lecture "Over the Top." The treat was much enjoyed by the members and those present and he was given a vote of thanks.

Mr and Mrs. John Prashek, of Toledo, with their three little children, visited the School Wednesday. Both received their education here, leaving in 1906. They are visiting Mrs. P's relatives in a nearby town.

Mr. Collins S. Sawhill won the esteem of the deaf of Birmingham, for on his departure, on the 19th, a number gathered at the depot to give him their good-byes, and as a souvenir of his stay among them, presented him a beautiful ever-sharp pencil of silver. Mr. Joseph W. Atcheson, of Pittsburg, accompanied him on his way to Pittsburg. We were at the depot Thursday afternoon expecting to meet them for a few minutes, but when the train pulled in they were not found aboard. A card from Mr. Sawhill this morning states they passed through here at noon and were on the look out for us, but failed to catch a glimpse of the *Journal* man. Mr. Sawhill reports having had an enjoyable time at the Danville School and with his friends Hoy and Bacheherle in Cincinnati! Coming from the Sunny South to the north, with its leafless trees and cold weather, has given him the blues so he says.

The class-rooms during the week were twice given roses from the greenhouse.

Sharon Fisher, at work in Toledo for some time, showed up at chapel service yesterday morning, looking well and happy. He would not divulge his next objective point.

A. B. G.

Is This Work Worth Only $700 a Year?

Paul W. Harrison is a missionary pioneer in Arabia, and in his short time in that country has already added a Christian page to the "Thousand and One Nights." He startled the missionaries already there by acquiring Arabic sooner than any of them had thought possible. Then he had to get a Turkish diploma, and the examination for the diploma had to be in French. Harrison knew book French. He was shy on speaking it. So he planned to go to Paris during his second summer in Arabia. The usual journey from Arabia to France takes nearly a month and costs a considerable sum. So he took a short cut across the northern Arabian Desert from Bagdad to Damascus, almost breaking his back on a camel to accompany the post-rider. He reached Paris in record time, and spent a month talking to everybody, from the janitor's little boy to the head surgeons of the Paris hospitals. Then he rushed to Constantinople, went to the American Colony, and told them he wanted to take the examination for a Turkish diploma right away.

You will have to go every day to the government office, and when they are tired of seeing you they will give you what you want, to get rid of you."

He went the first day and soon returned looking happy.

"I went there and told one fellow what I wanted," he said; "then another came and asked me two medical questions. He went back and in a few minutes another came and told me I had passed the examination and that the diploma would be sent to me."

"Well, if that's all," said the old timers, "you have introduced a new system, for they have never done any thing in such American style before."

The Arabs are accustomed to strange tales. They are brought up on genii and Haroun-al-Rashid. It takes something unusual to startle them. Harrison did it.

He conducts a dispensary, and operates on everything from sheiks to donkeys. One day an Arab brought his little son to Harrison's dispensary in Kuweit. The boy was suffering from water on the brain, and the pressure of the water made the boy an idiot. As soon as Harrison saw the child he said, "Why didn't you bring your boy here sooner? Something might have been done for him, but he is dying now."

"Cannot you do *anything* for him?"

The doctor considered.

"There is one thing that might help him. I can transplant a vein into the boy's neck and make a drain so that the lymph, the water, may flow from his head to his shoulder, and perhaps the head will decrease in size and the pressure be relieved. Your son may live and even become normal again. There's just a chance."

"Oh, do it!" exclaimed the father.

"Well, you are the boy's father. Will you give me a vein out of your arm or your leg to make that drain?"

"What! Do you mean that you want to cut *me*? No, let him die first."

"Well," said Harrison quietly, "will you let me do whatever I want with the boy?"

"You say he is going to die any way," answered the Arab. "Yes, he is in your hands, do whatever you want with him."

So the doctor took the little fellow, put him on his operating table, and took a knife in his right hand and cut open his own left arm, under local anaesthesia, took out a vein, six or seven inches long and transplanted it into the little boy's neck.

I wish I could tell you that the boy lived; but he died. The Arab spread the story of what the American medical missionary had done. One night Doctor Harrison and I were together in an Arab's house. Nearly a score of men were seated on the floor along the wall, and one of them said to him:

"Doctor, we hear that you cut open your own arm to save the life of a little idiot Arab boy. Is that true?"

"Yes," nodded the doctor.

"Will you show us the place?" they urged.

So he bared his arm, and the Arabs looked at the long red scar in amazement. Then one of them—the finest of the lot, one of the ruling family exclaimed:

"You could fill this whole room full of silver, and I wouldn't do that for anybody!"

The Arabs are unwilling to help each other, to hurt themselves in order to help each other. Harrison thinks that makes them need his help all the more. He is a poor man, as most sons of ministers are. He worked hard to get the finest training Johns Hopkins and the Massachusetts General Hospital could give him, and he was dedicated his life to Arabia. The Arabian Mission pays him seven hundred dollars a year for his support, and much of that he spends for medicine and instruments for the Arabs.—*The American Magazine.*

PHILADELPHIA.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held a stated meeting at the residence of the Secretary, Mr. R. M. Ziegler, on Friday evening, April 26th. Those present were President Reider, First Vice-President Roach, Second Vice President Atcheson, Secretary Ziegler, Treasurer McGhee and William McKinney. The treasurer's statement from October 1st, 1917 to the date of this meeting showed a grand total of receipts of $10,072.17, including two legacies that were received. The board, among other things, fixed the date of the next meeting of the Society on August 29, 30, 31. The meeting will be held in the city of Reading and will be a business one, but the last day will probably be devoted to an outing. The Committee on arrangements, of which Rev. F. C. Smielau is Chairman, will arrange the details of the meeting.

On Friday evening, April 26th, a linen shower party was given to Miss Matilda O'Neill, whose engagement to Mr. Joseph Mayer, Jr., was recently announced, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tafe. Besides the above named persons, there were present: Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breen, Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Hagy, Mr. and Mrs. Irby Marchman, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. William Weaver, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Mrs. Ella Mayer and son Joseph, Miss May E. Stemple, Miss Jennie Greiner, Miss Susie McKinney, Miss Fanny Stuckert, Miss Esther Rappaport, Miss Helen Nickel, Miss Alice Donohue, Miss Laura Muller, Mrs. Ida Heckman, Messrs. John A. Roach, Alex. S. McGhee and Robert E. Underwood.

A rubber social was the latest scheme of the Entertainment and Ladies' Committees to raise money for the Frats' convention fund. It was held at Grand Fraternity Hall, on Saturday evening, April 27th, and was very well attended. A donation of a rubber article or a silver offering secured admission, and the social part was enlivened with games. The ladies chuckled with delight at the collections of old rubber articles, which with a couple or more of auto tires formed quite a pile, but later in the evening they found themselves in a dilemma when the junk dealer did not keep his engagement to call for the rubber.

Miss Helen Wink, of Reading, was in town for a few days, dividing her time at a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jacob and Miss Phea Schweriner. She returned home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Joseph W. Atcheson of Pittsburgh, was a visitor here at the end of last week. He left for home on Saturday morning.

Next Saturday evening, May 4th, is the date for the informal reception to Dr. A. L. E. Crouter at Grand Fraternity Hall, 1626 Arch Street. Although the doctor is not a well man yet, he has announced his intention of meeting his deaf friends on the above evening; but he may have to avoid the strain of handshaking. The local deaf will do well to bear this in mind and treat him with the consideration that his condition requires.

Among the new faces at the Frats' rubber social last Saturday evening were Mallory Putman and Ervin Chandler, both of North Carolina; Joe Exendine McAlester, of Oklahoma; and Joseph Novak, of Newark, N. J. We understand that the latter has secured work here.

Married

Miss Bertha Taggard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Taggard of 729 Bigelow Avenue, Woodhaven, L. I, and Capt. H. Spencer Tait of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, were married on Thursday, April 25th, at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. J. Lovelee, an Episcopalian clergyman of East New York.

The bride was given away by her father. She was attended by her cousin, Miss May Bettels, of New Rochelle, as bridesmaid. The bride's brother, Sergeant George K. Taggard, who is in one of the infantry regiments at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., was best man. The bride's little brother, Edward Taggard, was ring bearer.

The marriage was the culmination of a romance which began in the Flushing Hospital, where the bride was a nurse and Capt. Tait an intern.

Capt. Tait is a native of St. John's, Newfoundland, and is a graduate of Oxford University. After the reception Capt. Tait and his bride left on their honeymoon and upon the completion of it will go to Canada, where he will receive orders to go overseas.

Flag Day.

More than one hundred years ago, on the 14th day of June, the stars and stripes sprang into existnce.

The American Congress in session at Philadelphia resolved "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; the Union to be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation, the stars to be arranged in a circle."

It has often been asked what suggested the design for our star-spangled banner. There are many traditions afloat concerning the origin of the design, but the one in which there is undoubtedly the most truth is that which credits the design to Washington. The general found in the coat of arms of his own family a hint from which he drew the design for the flag.

The coat of arms of the Washington family has two red bars on a white ground, and three gilt stars above the top bar.

When the time arrived that a flag had to be decided upon, the vessels on the seas as well as the armies on land being in need of a standard to mark and lead them, Washington decided that his coat of arms with a few modifications, would be a fitting emblem for the new nation.

The decision once made to give America a flag which would answer for all the colonies, Washington as the head of a committee of three, consisting of Robert Morris and Colonel Ross, met to discuss ways and means of planning the banner and having it made.

The flag proposed by General Washington was decided upon, and Colonel Ross suggested that they visit his niece and solicit her assistance.

Washington, knowing from personal experience Mrs. Ross's skill with the needle, as, according to tradition, she embroidered his shirt ruffles, immediately agreed to the plan, and the three makers of history made a trip down to the quaint little house, No. 239 Arch Street, which is still standing, to consult the attractive Quakeress.

Betsy Ross enthusiastically undertook the work and in a few days a beautiful star-spangled banner was ready to be unfurled.

She had made one alteration in the design submitted by Washington. The General had made his stars six-pointed as they were on his coat of arms; Betsy Ross made her's with five points—and with five points they have been made ever since.

For several years Mrs. Ross made the flags for the Government. The prices she received for them varied. For the flags for the fleet in the Delaware the treasury paid her £14 12s 2d.

Henceforth Betsy Ross went to work making flags for an occupation. Her husband, John Ross, died young, and Betsy continued to dwell in Arch Street, carrying on the business.

She made flags for the American fleet in the Delaware River and received a contract, which she held for many years, to manufacture all the Government flags.

The business descended to her children, and was carried on by her daughter Clarissa Claypoole, who relinquished it on becoming a member of the Society of Friends, lest her handiwork should be used in time of war.

The first using of the Stars and Stripes in military service was at Fort Stanwix, renamed Fort Schuyler, now Rome, New York, in 1777.

On August 2 of that year the fort was besieged by the English and Indians; the brave garrison was without a flag, but one was made in the fort. The red stripes were made of a petticoat furnished by a woman, the white stripes and stars were supplied by an officer who gave his shirt for that purpose, and the blue was a piece of Colonel Gansevort's military cloak.

Three women worked on the flag and it was raised to victory when, on the 23 of August, the redmen and the English were defeated at the fort.

There's a record of the using of the Stars and Stripes on the first anniversary of American Independence, which was celebrated at Philadelphia, Charleston, S. C., and other places, July 3, 1777.

The banner was used at the battle of Brandywine, September 17th, 1777, at Germantown, October 4th of the same year, and it also floated over the surrender of Burgoyne.

This flag cheered the patriots at Valley Forge during the next winter; it waved at Yorktown and shared in the rejoicing at the end of the war.

As long as the States remained thirteen in number, the original design of the circle of stars was satisfactory, but when, in 1791, Vermont and in 1792, Kentucky, were taken into the Union it was decided to arrange the stars in the form of one constellation.

In 1795 it was decided to add a stripe as well as a star for each State which came into the Union, consequently in that year Vermont and Kentucky were marked on the flag, one by a white and the other by a red stripe.

Some wise prophet, looking ahead some twenty years or more, saw that this plan of adding a stripe as well as a star for each State added to the Union, would mean a constant changing of the flag, and as a great growth of the country was foreseen, it was soon appreciated that in a few years, by this plan, the flag would become so large and ungainly that its beauty would be lost.

In 1812 a committee was elected by Congress to decide upon a permanent design for the flag, and the result was that the original thirteen stripes were again used, the stars being arranged on the blue field in the form of a square with one constellation for each new State.

In 1818 this plan was formally adopted by Congress, and the flag with its thirteen stripes and stars, corresponding in number to the States in the Union, became the established emblem of the Union.

Mrs. Reid, wife of the famous sea captain, made the first flag of new design, July 4th, 1818; the number of stars was twenty, Illinois being admitted that year.

This design, adopted in 1818, is our flag of today with the addition of twenty-eighty stars.

Some of the first flags were made under difficulties and at great cost, the greatest ingenuity being required on some occasions to secure the necessary material for banners.

Madame Wooster and Mrs. Roger Sherman made the first national flag used in the army, for the Connecticut troops, made from their own dresses.

What became of the first flag made by Mrs. Ross is not known, but in the National Museum, at Washington, is the first American flag ever hoisted over a ship of war. It was unfurled by the famous Paul Jones.

The flag was presented to President McKinley by a Mrs. R. P. Stafford, a lineal descendant of Bayard Stafford, a young officer who served on the "*Bon Homme Richard*" and the "*Serapis*" when Jones commanded. He saved this first American flag unfurled on the water, at the risk of his own life, and Captain Paul Jones presented him with the colors.

Paul Jones' flag was made in Philadelphia by Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, and they failed to put the thirteen stars on the field of blue according to the ensign given by Washington to Betsy Ross.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Every American's Duty.

To work, economize, and lend money to the Government is the duty of every American.

Hundreds of thousands of our men have been called to arms and taken away from the productive forces of the country.

Hundreds of thousands of others have been diverted from producing things used in peace to producing things used in war.

In the face of this lessened productive force and production a great and unusual drain upon our resources is made by our Army and Navy and our allies.

Work and speed-up production to make up for the lessened production; economize in consumption to lessen as much as possible the drain upon our resources; lend your money to your Government to prosecute this war successfully and make our soldiers powerful, effective, and victorious.

Every American can do an individual service to his country by working, saving, and buying Liberty Bonds.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, *Missionary-in-charge.*
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, *Parish Visitor.*

SERVICES:

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 3.00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 3:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

A desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.—*Samuel Johnson.*

A dunce can criticise. A fool can tear down. There is nothing more common or certain than human error, and there is no job easier than that of picking flaws in anything or any creature.

Had he been happy and faultless, I would not have loved him as I did. There is a degree of pity in all our friendships. Misfortune has an attraction for certain souls. The cement of our hearts is mixed with tears, and nearly all our deep affections have their beginning in some sorrowful emotion.—*Lamartine.*

Glass making in Venice is of remote antiquity. By a law of November 8, 1291, the authorities of Venice, to avoid the risk of fire, ordered the glass-making industry to be transferred to the adjacent island of Murano. Ever since Murano has been the most important center for hand-made glass and glass-bead manufacture in the world.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1918.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest,
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouste of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

Ninety-five pupils recently finished the Junior High School course in the Springfield public schools and were awarded diplomas.

I. M. Allen, City Superintendent of Schools, delivered the commencement address and spoke on the value of education and quoted many figures to show just how much a child gained by remaining in school. He stated that every day spent in school pays the child nine dollars.

One day last week the Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab spoke in the chapel at the Illinois School along the same lines and drew from the address of Superintendent Allen.

The following extracts are taken from the talk made to the pupils of the Springfield Schools and they are worthy of a place in the scrap book of every boy and girl:

You will expect me to talk to you this morning about the meaning of an education, and I shall begin by giving you a definition that you will not understand. After stating it, I will not refer to it again until I close, and you can then see whether you understand it or not.

Education consists in clearly understanding, intelligently using, nobly enjoying, and freely sharing your physical and social environment.

You have been told all your life that you should go to school, should secure an education, and should prepare for life. You have heard the advice so often, that like the air you breathe it becomes commonplace and you forget its significance. Schools, teachers, education, are so free, so common, that unlike your pioneer ancestors, you do not seize educational opportunities by the flicker of the pine knot.

I wonder if it really is true that educational preparation is needed to make a success of life. Perhaps with all our modern inventions we have discovered a short-cut method of getting young people like ourselves prepared for life. In these wonderful days of "push the button" devices, is there not some machine-made, hand-me-down type of preparation, that will fit us for life?

Let us first examine what the facts are in reference to the money value of an education. I shall not hazard my opinion, but will read from a a government report recently issued on the money value of an education.

"Distinguished Men of America and Their Education:

"With no schooling, of 5,000,000, only 31 attained distinction.

"With elementary schooling, of 33,000,000, 808 attained distinction.

"With high school education, of 2,000,000, 1245 attained distinction.

"With college education, of 1,000,000, 5768 attained distinction.

"The child with no schooling has one chance in 150,000 of performing distinguished service; with elementary education he has four times the chance; with high school education, 87 times the chance; with college education, 800 times the chance.

"Value of education to factory workers:

Technical school graduate	$43,000
Trade school graduate	25,000
Shop apprentice	15,800
Laborer	10,200

"The value in each case is considered to be the sum, which at 5 per cent interest, would yield an income equal to the salary received.

"What four years in school paid, (figured in yearly salary):

"Wages of two groups of Brooklyn citizens—

	Those who left school at 14	Those who left school at 18
When 14 years old	$300.00	
When 16 years old	250.00	
When 18 years old	350.00	500.00
When 20 years old	475.00	750.00
When 22 years old	575.00	1,000.00
When 24 years old	600.00	1,150.00
When 25 years old	688.00	1,550.00
Total salary 11 years	$5,112.50	
Total salary 7 years		$7,337.50

Notice that at 25 years of age the better educated boys are receiving $900 per year more salary and have already in seven years received $2,250 more than the boys who left school at 14 years have received for eleven years' work.

Every day spent in school pays the child $9.

Here is the proof:

Uneducated laborers earn on an average of $500 per year for 40 years, a total of $20,000.

High school graduates earn on the average $1,000 per year for 40 years, a total of $40,000.

This education requires twelve years of 180 days each, a total of 2,160 school days.

If 2,160 days in school add $20,000 to the income for life, then each day at school adds $9.02.

The child that stays out of school to earn less than $9 a day is losing money, not making money.

Enough statistics have been given to convice you, I am sure, that the present generation, in the preparation for life, requires not less, but more. Let us pause a moment to ask why this is so.

The answer is: Life becomes more complex as the sands of time flow on. What are these more complex things in our environment that you boys and girls have to understand and use or else remain on the plane of the savage? Here are a few of them contrasted with the simple things of man's primitive environment:

The sickle against the reaper; the bullock cart against the express train, the ocean greyhound and the aeroplane; the pony messenger against the telegraph, telephone and wireless; the individual harangue against the printing press, the newspaper, the library; the spinning wheel against the factory; the pine fagot against the electric light; the peddling of skins and herbs from the oxcart against the bank, the check-book, the railroad, the department store; the log hut against the steel skyscraper; the unaided eye against the microscope and telescope; incantations and magic against the chemist, the hospital, the modern physician and surgeon.

Take away from any one generation all education and society must revert to the stick plow, the oxcart, and such primitive means, because steel implements, locomotives, steamships, electricity, telephones, telegraph, waterworks, steel buildings, mining and chemical industries, factories, modern sanitation, hygiene and medicine, books, newspapers, courts of justice and laws that protect and defend the rights of the weak are all impossible without education, and are efficient only in proportion as educated intelligence is applied to them.

Now, do you not see that it is futile to ask the question "Why Must I Go to School?" It is a law of the universe that society institutions upon earth grow more and more complex, and our welfare is dependent upon our ability to unravel this complexity. Young people who refuse or fail to obtain an education thereby attempt to conquer the world red-handed and are necessarily doomed to defeat.—*Ex.*

A Whist Party.

At East Port Chester, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Marshall's hospitable roof was the scene of a merry whist-party, on Saturday evening, April 20th. Other games were indulged in, and very congenial people were brought together, and conversation much enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall's home—an attractive, beautiful little bungalow—lent an air of comfort, and true, home-like atmosphere, which is so rarely found in large cities! Then the cookery! It proved what adepts Uncle Sam's fair deaf daughters of Connecticut are, for the dainty refreshments of various kinds of sandwiches, pickles, olives, cakes, coffee and ice-cream were much relished.

The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Martling, Mr. Abraham Marshall, Mrs. Leslie Marshall, Sr., Mrs. Witmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Odell, Mr. and Mrs. Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Marshall, Jr., Misses E. Marshall, Chard, Fogg, Lorigan, and McAuliffe; the Messrs. Baker, Butler, Livingston, Meier, and A. C. Reiff.

The hearing guests were: Misses Rose and Helen Marshall, and Master Harold Marshall. About midnight we regretfully bid our very charming hostess and host, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Marshall, adieu, after a thoroughly delightful evening, which will long be remembered by the guests from Brooklyn, Stamford, Greenwich, and Port Chester.

N. E. L.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

SPRING, 1918.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 3 P.M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 3 P.M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Bristol—Trinity Church, fourth Sundays, at 3 P.M.
Pittsfield, Mass.—St. Stephen's Church, first Sunday of month, at 3 P.M.
Springfield, Mass.—Christ Church, first Sundays, at 3 P.M.

Services will be conducted by the Lay-readers: Messrs. Wm. F. Durian, Senior lay reader, and E. C. Luther and Walter G. Durian.

Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

CHICAGO.

News Items for this column should be sent to Jesse A. Waterman, 344-348 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

April 16th was the twenty-eighth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George Morton. Old friends—all members of Pas-a-Pas Club—were aware of this fact and through the assistance of their daughters, the Misses Olive and Alice, a surprise party was arranged. All cleverly engineered plans were in the making for over a month. Saturday night, April 20th, was chosen as the ideal date, since Mr. Morton would be enjoying an off-night from his daily night work with the *Chicago Evening Post.*

The day was an ugly one—rain kept most people indoor—and it was natural for the Morton family to stay home—but not so with the band of "schemers." Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Waterman, being old Michigan friends, were delegated to act as "scouts" to play the "camouflage" visit.

The rest of the visitors, eighteen strong, were assembled in a neighbor's house and at a given signal from the daughters marched right in the Morton home single file. To say that Mr. and Mrs Morton were genuinely surprised would be expressing it mildly. As soon as the dazed couple found out what all the "fuss" was about, they resumed their normal attitude and began at once to make the best of the situation. Mr. Morton slipped out in the rain to get a box of cigars while the daughters and neighbors looked after the refreshments.

Dr. Dougherty, who knew the Mortons long before the World's Fair days, made the presentation speech. The gift consisted of a silver sandwich set, a token from all the guests. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Long, one-time neighbors, added another present in the shape of a cut-glass compote.

Then followed games of a character to amuse both the young and the old. By the time the hour struck twelve a delighted refreshment was served first to those who live farthest from the scene of merriment. Those who reside in north and northwest sections of the city were served last.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Craig, who were invited but unable to be present, left their names on the roll of donors. Ross MacDonald was the only one who couldn't come, because of an attack of the grip, but was ably represented by his better half. Those who actually took part inspringing the surprise on Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and who expressed themselves in unmistaken terms as having had the most enjoyable time in many an evening were Messrs. and Mesdames J. A. Waterman, G. T. Dougherty, Charles Boss, B. F. Frank, Wn. Borinstein, Fred Kaufman, John Purdum, R. H. Long, Mrs. Codman, Mrs. R. D. MacDonald, Miss Susan McKee and Loren Waterman, and a host of neighbours. In checking up the list of deaf guests it was discovered by a strange coincidence that every one happened to be a loyal subscriber of the JOURNAL. This shows that this paper penetrates into the homes of the majority of the well-read deaf folks.

Miss Carrie Brown, of Minneapolis, Minn., who, with her sister and brother spent the winter in Miami, Fla., stopped at the Congress Hotel in this city on their way back to Minneapolis. During their brief stay in Chicago they entertained Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Dougherty.

The school at Indianapolis, Ind., closed the 26th of April. The pupils left for their homes on May 1st. The teachers will remain until May 15th. Prof. Berg expect to come to Chicago for the summer, presumably after June 15th.

The frats of the Chicago Division want it known far and wide that the May Dance, which is scheduled for Saturday evening, May 11th, in the Colonial Ball room, has every indication of being a pronounced success. There will be music and that ought to bring a good many hearing folks. Admission is twenty-five cents. Those on the committee who are contributing a great deal of "man-power" to the affair are Edward Knobloch (Chairman), Isadore Newman, Joseph Miller, John D. Sullivan, David J. Paddrowsky and Max Himmelstein.

Melville Cox, who worked on the *Herald* night force in the stereotype department for two years and now connected with the *Examiner* night shift in the same capacity, has been placed on the regular list at a substantial increase in salary. This fortunate stroke of luck is due to a number of men being called to the war service.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sullivan, of Aurora, Ill., have sold their property in that city. They were in Chicago for a few days and imparted to the reporter the news that they expect to transfer their abode to San Diego, Cal. Mr. Sullivan is a painter by trade and says he has traveled in every State in the Union. His bank roll is not disturbed to any great extent.

Now it's to be a "Penny Social." This is the advance information from the Catholic district—May and 11th Street. It comes off Sunday, June 16th. Edward Toomey has a life job as chairman and we are trusting he will make the affair a roaring success. The Catholics are "doing things."

It has been definitely decided to appoint Edwin Hazel to marshall the forces in connection with the Labor Day picnic of the Chicago Chapter, I. A. D. Hazel is also secretary of the Chapter and admits he has his hands full. The picnic comes off at the same place as last year—National Grove, La Grange, Ill. This is the grove where the Silent Athletic Club will hold their annual outing on Sunday, June 30th. Tickets for the latter are now on the "market," and can be had from any member of the Club or its twin brother"—the Chicago Division. They never sell anything over a quarter, so you might as well buy two.

Some time ago John G. Ott, of Springfield, Ill., took a course in linotype operating in the Inland Printer School. Immediately after graduation he secured a job on a country weekly at Greenfield, Ill., staying there for six months. With this experience he wormed his way into the *State Journal*, a daily morning paper at Springfield, and is still there, making good. Writing to the JOURNAL's Chicago office he says he plans to drop in Chicago and take advantage of a picnic and a trip to Philadelphia when the N. F. S. D. will hold a convention in July.

Do not forget that May 18th is the date reserved by All Angels' Parish Church for a "stereopticon night." The proceeds, according to the promoters, will be devoted to the church mortgage, which is decreasing at a surprising rate.

This Saturday evening, April 27th, promises to be an exciting literary meeting, under the auspices of the Pas-a-Pas Club, providing the well planned schemes of the program committee are carried out. A debate on the subject: "Resolved, That a Constitutional amendment bringing marriage and divorce under the control of Federal laws is preferable to the present system of State control," with the negative side in charge of Mrs. Emry Horn and R. H. Long and the affirmative supported by Mrs. J. A. Waterman and R. D. MacDonald.

In the event that two or more of the participants back out from stage fright, it is likely that LeRoy Henderson and J. A. Waterman will jump into the fray. If this debate is carried through, it will be the first the club has had on its program for a number of years.

A dialogue, participated in by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Craig, is also on the "Bill of fare"—but the title is not yet public property.

Mrs. Anna Harris, who has a rare gift in the sign language, is slated to give a patriotic declamation.

A cafeteria luncheon will follow the conclusion of the literay program. The whole affair is in charge of LeRoy Henderson, Chairman, Mrs. E. F. Frank, Mrs. Fred Hartung, Misses Nellie McNiece and Susan McKee, and Loren Waterman and Gustave Hyman.

The seventeenth annual picnic of Chicago Division of the N. F. S. D. is scheduled for Sunday, July 14, rain or shine, at Atlas Grove. The grove is the same as occupied last year. They insist on you bringing your friends. The admission will be twenty-five cents.

That of the Pas-a-Pas Club and the Woman's Club jointly, follows on Saturday, July 27th, at Polonia Grove, corner Archer and St. Louis Avenues. How to get there will be told later.

The son-in-law of Ethelbert Hunter, a Mr. Crowley, died last Thursday of double pneumonia and was buried the following Saturday.

Apparently the enthusiasm for attendance at Billy Sunday's tabernacle last Sunday was not a duplicate of the one several Sundays ago. At the first one on Easter Sunday exactly 105 deaf people from all sections of the city had an evening's sermon interpreted for them by Miss Grace Hasenstab, daughter of Rev. P. J. Hasenstab. Last Sunday only less than twelve could muster up courage to attend, especially when the weather was anything but pleasant. Miss Constance Hasenstab interpreted.

"Lafs-a-plenty" was the screaming headline of a circular issued by the Ephpheta Social Center of the Catholic Deaf, an entertainment and pantomime. They added it was a "jolly night in dumovilla"—and this fact was attested by a packed house of 150 people—both deaf and hearing. This so-called laughable farce occurred last Sunday and originally was dubbed a "Bunco Party." Those who aided in "bleeding" the guests for dimes were Charles Loughran, generalissimo, Charles Kranel, John S. Bufka and Michael Kerr.

Clyde Jones, formerly of East St. Louis, Ill., and now connected with the Isabella Toilet Manufacturing Co., as chief chemist and perfumer, does not think a long absence from his family a pleasant idea, so he left this Friday evening to spend a few days with them. If he gets solid enough with his firm to become a fixture he will reside in Chicago permanently, bringing the folks sometime in the late summer. He has just applied as member of the Pas-a-Pas Club.

Miss Edith Ely, now sojourning in New York City, writes of having had the pleasure of meeting the friends and relatives of Mrs. Geo. F. Flick, who was there recently, and plans to return home at Olivet, Mich., stopping in Chicago enroute.

Invitations are out calling a selected few to attend a surprise party this Friday evening, April 26th, on Mrs. Agnes Fischer, at her home on North Ave. The plans are under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Sharpnack. It is believed that Mrs. Fischer is planning to depart for Colorado to join her husband who has been down there for his health. Their two children are also with Mrs. Fischer's parents, they having left several weeks ago.

Bamboo and Its Uses.

There are few people who know how important the bamboo reed is to the Chinese, and what a prominent place it takes in the lives of Eastern people, once it has taken root in the mountainside, but its growth, straight, can be accelerated by keeping its roots and base clear of weeds and creepers, many of which have a tendency to retard it and to poison the soil surrounding it. The very close proximity to it of firs, box elms and larch, seems not to interfere with it. Once it roots and creepers get firm hold of the soil it is not an easy matter to destroy it. On the other hand, it is very difficult to transplant it. Great care has to be taken, and the correct time of the year has to be selected to insure success.

During the months of April, May and June, the shoots come up not by tens, but by hundreds, and spring out of the ground from a tiny little speck which no one but the eye of the native could discover, to a height of from six inches to eight inches in twenty-four hours, and it will, if not disturbed, reach a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet in from six to seven weeks, expanding and growing stronger with each day.

Great moisture is absolutely necessary to the bamboo's growth, and when we can see the luxurious way in which they grow in these hills one cannot wonder at the heavy rainfall experienced during spring, and well into the summer months upon these heights.

I have known it to rain incessantly for a week, and not ordinary rain, but bucketfuls of it. The great enemies to the young shoots are the wild pig, the deer, badgers, porcupines and the mountain rat. And great care has to be taken night and day to prevent these rodents from causing havoc amoung them during the tender age of the shoots. Watchmen are stationed all over the mountains, burning large fires at night making the usual watchman's noise by striking a hollow bamboo with a bent wood stick; but in spite of this one comes across patches where the wild boar has left marks of his rooting powers.

During March, April and May the charcoal burner starts work, the old yellow bamboos then fall to his knife and are converted into excellent charcoal, used principally for cooking and roasting tea. All night long we hear the spitting and crackling noise of the burning reed, and dense clouds of white smoke arise all over the hills. The industry is quite an extensive one and a paying business is charcoal selling in the mountains, where it is made at three and a half to four small baskets for $1.

I understand that at certain times of the year brokers connected with the trade visit the mountains and after long haggling and innumerable pipes and cups of tea, sales are made.

After the sale is closed the seller proceeds to the temple, where for a few hundred cash the priests inform him of the lucky day when he may cut down his bamboos without disturbing the departed ones. When this by no means trifling concession is granted, the farmer cuts down his reeds, and prepares them for transportation to the place agreed upon.

There are very few old residents in China that during their stay have not enjoyed the delicate, tender shoot, cooked in different ways as a vegetable. But there are not many that know that these shoots, larger and much coarser, form the staple food of thousands of poor people, when they can be got all year round. The smaller variety of shoots, from two to six inches long, are generally consumed as a fresh vegetable, and if kept in a moderately moist place will keep for a long time. The largest shoots of from one foot to eighteen inches long and from four to six inches in diameter are treated in various ways.

Some are stripped off like a cabbage leaf, flattened between pieces of wood and put in the sun to dry after having received a light sprinkling of salt. When perfectly dried they are packed away in stone jars and covered; others, again, are put into brine, and remain in it till required. Again, some are preserved in oil, vinegar, sugar and brine, and I have seen them chopped up fine with dried sweet potatoes, and when boiled they make a very good dish. A little boiled rice, bamboo shoot preserved in some form, and little common winter cabbage salted, I noticed, formed the daily food in every farmhouse among workmen of all kinds. When a little salt fish or a bit of pork is added, the whole forms a perfect banquet.

PITTSBURGH.

The Pittsburg Branch of the P. S. A. D. held its regular monthly meeting April 9th, at the regular meeting place—Washington Hall. A bare quorum was on hand to transact business, although one or two came in after meeting was called to order. The Secretary, Mrs. Holiday, who had stood up against blizzard and zero weather all through the winter months was unable to be present, much to the regret of many. Pneumonia is almost as bad hereabouts as it was in the winter, so precautions are proper, when one has a cold to nurse.

Only regular routine business was transacted and working committees appointed. Much concern was expressed about the slim attendance. There seems to be a good number of members in good standing, but attendance at meeting has been falling off woefully of late, also the accumulation of funds for the Home has suffered considerably, Plans were discussed how to remedy both evils. One member, who had been absent often because of other duties, declared he would in the future fine himself a quarter every time he was absent. He suggested that others volunteer to adopt the plan and so help the finances a little.

It was decided to have a rally and picnic Labor Day, and the School grounds at Edgewood were the time and place suggested. As the rent of Washington Hall had been raised, it was decide to engage other quarters and a committee was appointed to find the same. Cutting down expenses is one way to save, so we hope the move will be beneficial as well as more convenient.

At the regular meeting of the Pittsburgh Division, No. 36, of the N. F. S. D., Mr. J. M. Rolshouse was chosen delegate to the Frat meeting in Philadelphia next July. James K. Forbes and William J. Shull are the alternates. The Pittsburgh Division is still augmenting its membership list.

On Sunday morning, April 21, Miss Margaret C. Brown, for over twenty years nurse at the school at Edgewood, died in Uniontown at the home of her sister, Mrs. T. B Palmer. Miss Brown was a born nurse, most efficient and faithful. During her long residence at the school she had endeared herself to a host of friends among teachers, officers and pupils. Many a graduate remembers her kind ministrations with gratitude and love, and not a few owe their lives to her efficient nursing. No labor or sacrifice seemed too hard if she could save those in her charge from collapse. Besides her hospital duties she found time to do much for the entertainment of the pupils. Along with teachers and officers she spent many weary hours in planning and arranging for plays and other amusements for old and young. She was full of life and activity. Doubtless her enthusiasm led her into more activity than she could stand and undermined her wonderful constitution. She was stricken down at the height of her usefulness. For the last few years she had been constantly failing. Two years ago, she relinquished her position as nurse entirely, and since then resided with her sister until the end.

The funeral obsequies were held at the first Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Wednesday, April 24, at 2 o'clock. Dr. Alexander, her pastor, conducted an appropriate and beautiful service for the departed. The school at Edgewood was dismissed at noon out of respect and to allow teachers and pupils to attend the service at the church. A number of graduates of the school and others also attended. Interment was in Allegheny Cemetery with Mr. McKee, Mr. Read, Samuel Rogalsky, Leon Connor, William Hunter and Ray Hunter of the school acting as pall bearers from the church.

When the executive committee of the Alumni Association of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf announced last year that the meeting of the Association would be postponed, there were kicks innumerable, and hollers of "What for, what for?" filled the air. It would seem the objections were heard by the powers-that-be, and at a recent meeting of the Board it was decided to hold their Reunion this coming fall, the dates decided on being Saturday, August 31st to September 2d, when it was hoped all could find it convenient to attend and make it a beautiful success, as was the first Reunion three years ago. The Program Committee will give out the program for the meeting later.

Members of the Association who come and pay their 1918–1920 dues will find lodging free at the Institution. Arrangements for meals at the Institution cannot be made during the uncertainties of wartime. Meals, however, can be had at moderate prices at a number of restaurants within easy reach of the school and the walks to and from same will whet the appetite and help the digestion and so help to make a success of the meeting. We believe all tastes can be suited at these eating places and at rates to suit every pocketbook.

The Committee wishes to record objections to the proposed plans of the P. S. L. and P. S. A. D. Branch "homing in" on their meeting next Labor Day which had been previously projected. This seems like serving notice that oil and water will not mix.

The Committee wishes to notify all members of the association who may be in arrears to send their 1918–1920 dues (50 cents) to the Treasurer, Mr. C. A. Painter, as soon as possible and so avoid confusion and disappointment later.

G. M. T.

OMAHA

Mrs. John Thompson of South Side entertained the Aux-Frats at a Kensington on April 13th. An enjoyable time was had.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley Anthony have moved to Benson, where they have obtained a place with more ground space in which to raise a war garden. Here Riley can vent his wrath aganist the Kaiser on a large scale.

Mr. George Ernest, of Benson, by reason of his deceased mother's will, fell heir to the homestead, including forty acres of choice land.

Wilbur Stichler, of University Place, and Ziba Osmun, of Benedict, were at the "Frat" meeting April 13th.

Joe Bender, who had been renting his father's farm near Milford for some years, has brought a farm of 126 acres near Seward, Neb., and has already taken possession. Land in that vicinity is very choice.

Messrs. Seely and Wittwer will represent Division No. 32 at the coming N. F. S. D. convention at Philadelphia.

The members of the Home Circle were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Chase, and Mr. and Mrs. Trisler jointly, in a hall downtown on the evening of April 17th. The handling of a large crowd is satisfactorily solved in this way. The circle is growing.

E. M. Pribble, who has held the position of foreman of printing and associate editor of the Nebraska *Journal* since Fall, has resigned. His place has been filled by Oliver H. McInturff, a Gallaudet graduate of the Class of 1917. Mr. Pribble left to accept a more lucrative position with the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, Omaha. The best wishes of the Nebraska School go with him.

E. S. Waring has been helping with the extra work in the Nebraska School printing office. The School does a good deal of job work for other institutions in the state, and is therefore a very busy place.

The Mid-West Chapter held its April meeting at the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robert, on the twentieth. After a short business meeting, it was on with "500" until a late hour. The prize winners were Mrs. Harry Long and Scott Cuscaden.

They were given large packages which, when unwrapped and the contents revealed, brought every one to his or her feet with the right hand to the forehead.

Needless to say the party was a most enjoyable one.

The Mid-West Chapter, G. C. A. A. will resume its custom of holding a banquet this year. It was suspended last year on account of our country's entrance into the war. Each year, since 1899, with perhaps one or two exceptions, the Chapter has had a banquet as a grand finale for the close of a year of profit and pleasure gleaned from those meetings. The time of the next banquet is May 28th, the place is at Council Bluffs, and the girls—don't you worry—they'll be there! Outsiders, who wish to attend the banquet, will please notify W. H. Rothert, 4103 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha.

Harrisburgh, Pa.

A chicken-soup supper was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Marquart, of Harrisburg, Pa, Saturday evening, April 27th. Mr. George Sanders, of Mt. Airy, was a guest. A committee—Aaron Butcher Maynard Robbins, Mrs. Scott Foreman, Mrs. Harry Wise, Miss Edith Dunner, Mrs. James Peiffer, Mrs. Howard Arnold, Joseph Silver, was in charge. A sum of $10.85 was realized. It goes to the Deaf-Mutes' Church Guild.

Mr. James Peiffer, of Steelton, has been confined to his bed as a result of rheumatism. He is now able to walk, although he cannot work yet.

The Guild meeting was held at the Marquart place the other day.

The Deaf-Mutes' picnic will take place at Hershey, on June 29th. Refreshments will be served. Every one is welcome.

WANTED.

A young deaf man with some knowledge of type printing to learn engraved plate printing and embossing. Steady employment. Paid while learning. The Himrod Engraving Company, 23 West 7th Street, Erie, Pa.